PAULA PUDDEPHATT

UNWANTED

Carousel Art
framed forever
in mahogany
emotions in motion
upon the carousel of dreams

Not Family

You think what you see
    is a family.
    You don't regard each discarded branch,
    severed from the family tree
    for the convenience
    of somebody.
    You don't see that this is
    not a family.
    What remains is a heartless parody.

The Truth

I am the one who is
always shunned.
I am the silenced scream.
I tell the inconvenient truths.
Ignore me, and maybe
I'll go away.
The truth remains.
We know.

Unwanted

Discarded, unwanted,
her words unheard.
Invalidated.
None of which
can make her words
less true.

She

the one they disbelieve
so determinedly
the one they disregard
undervalue
cruelly disrespect
refuse to even see
the one whose loss they
shall not grieve
she